country.

"For we have some very complete files of foreign papers," said the custodian. "We have the London Times from its beginning, from before it was the Times, in fact. Then

here are files of the Manchester Guardia and here is a set of Gallgnani's Messenge

piete nie up to a snort time ago of Le Con-stitutionel, a Spanish paper. And here are the magazines, both of this country and Europe Here is about the best collection of the Gentlemen's Magazine in the

One Spot That Must Be Watched.

"Our policy has been to take two papers from each large place, one of each party,

but out in the west we have to take three

now that the populists are given to publish-

ing their views on things.
"Here is a curio," said Mr. Van Ness, laying his hand fondly on a pile of three port-

sort of a room I am to have for my books, but I hope it will be better lighted than this. I have nothing but gas here, and it is trying on my eyes. But the moving won't come for two or three years yet, and you know what the Bible says: 'Sufficient unto the day is the still thereof.'

and went back to his den, his cat and his

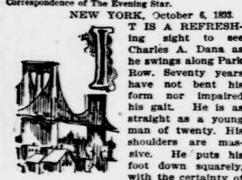
Presence of Mind.

of you, if you will sit for me-

"Ah! your profile is perfect. Don't move

shape."
"Are the files used often?"
"Vesterday th

condence of The Evening Star. NEW YORK, October 6, 1893.



ing sight to see Charles A. Dana as he swings along Park Row. Seventy years have not bent his form nor impaired his gait. He is as straight as a young man of twenty. His shoulders are massive. He puts his foot down squarely, with the certainty of youth. Only in his face is there indica-

tion of age. His eyes are sunken, his cheeks are wrinkled, his beard and hair are gray, and when he reads he looks through two pair of spectacles. The best equipped of all the great journalists of the day, he is one of the most painstaking and hardest worked man in his arduous profession. He goes to his office very early and remains at his desk reading and writing until about 4 o'clock. All his time is given up to his newspaper. He reads all the proofs of articles other than ordinary news matters and arranges for many of the special features of his paper. He is a hard man for a visitor to see unless his business be of importance. The men who work with him speak of him in a most affectionate way. Those who know him only through the Those who know him only through the public prints, and by the bilious articles which he is supposed to write, have no just conception of the real man. He is said to be kindly, courteous, agreeable, appreciative and helpful. He has certainly made more enemies than friends in his journey through life, and yet even his enemies willingly pay tribute to his great abiliolar. Mr. Dana lives like a Sybarite. He knows more about pictures and books than any half dozen men you



puld mention. He believes in good cooking, and he has a cellar full of the best wines He is not rated as a wealthy man, yet his newspaper has paid enormous profits. Of late years he has been seen a good deal in public, at political gatherings and such, and now and then at a great banquet. But he does not seem to care for public applause. He vitriol. But whatever his faults may vitriol. But whatever his faults may be, he is certainly the finest specimen of well preserved manhood that could be found in New York in a day's walk. I saw him in an elevated train yesterday poring over a new book of travels. He was dressed in a cheap looking sack suit, and the jewelry visible was a silver ring on the small finger of his left hand.

It would be hard to imagine three men more dissimilar in their looks than the Gould boys; I say "Gould boys" because that is the way they are spoken of, affecwhen they all got into an elevated train at a down-town station, elbowed their way to seats, sat down together and were soon lost in the folds of the evening papers. George Gould is stout, but he would command more attention than either of his brothers. He was dressed plainly in black garments from le," wore a suit of some dark mixture that may possibly have cost \$25. His linen was not over fresh, his beard was straggly. his she is looked as though he had been walking through New Jersey mud; in fact, he was anything but attractive in appearance. The younger brother, Howard, was the best dressed of the trio. His clothing was expensive, fashionably cut and well fitting. He wore more jewelry than either of his brothers and seemed to take more personal interest in himself. These three remarkable young men read all the way up town, without attracting any attention. They read their papers, made no comments, and when their station was reached, they arose and walked out together in Indian file. They looked less prosperous than file. They looked less prosperous than many a clerk on \$20 a week salary.



curately estimated the true worth of these orge Gould is fulfilling all the expectafor him. He is not a great man, but he is alert, far-seeing, shrewd in driving bar-gains, and if he does not add largely to the Gould fortune you may rest assured he will lose none of it. When his father was alive Edward Gould was known as a "Wall ler the conservative eyes of his brothers and he will give a good account of himself in due time. One thing in favor of these young men is that they are all home bodies. They are never seen around tone any figure in the gaieties of the Tenderloin are often seen at the theater with them, or driving in the park. They live in style befitting their wealth, and care little for what Mrs. Grundy may say about them. Nor have they any idea that they must walk

There goes the luckiest man in New

Broadway the other day. I turned to note who the fortunate man was. He had just stepped from a cab, and was hurrying into a large office building, in which there is a nest of railway interests. He walked with the step of a man who was sure of his position, and knew what he was about. As he Broadway the other day. I turned to note

TAKEN IN GOTHAM.

Ilifted his derby hat to wipe his forehead you could notice that he was partially bald. Illis face was pleasant, but keen. A heavy brown mustache, trimmed rather blumtly at the corners, shaded a pleasant but the show to the corners, shaded a pleasant but the corners are the corners, shaded a pleasant but the corners, shaded a pleasant but the show to the one or corners, shaded a pleasant but the corners, shaded a pleasant but the corners are the corners, shaded a pleasant but the show to the or the corners, shaded a pleasant but the corners are the corners and the way to the corners, shaded a pleasant but the shade to the shaded a pleasant but the show to the or the corner than one bishop by the same genial fellow that by expect the same genial fellow that the report that br. Burtsell has taken any particular case is almost sufficient in itself to bring that Dr. Burtsell was particular that Dr. Burtsell was particular the case. The McGlynn case was one of the same genial fellow that we reverse priest against blom to the local ecclestication. The corner than the local ecclestication that the announcement that the announcement that Dr. Burtsell was particular case is almost sufficient in itself to bring what particular the cases of priests against them, the should be comedia

Daniel S. Lamont

self. He is glad to see and talk with the

reporters, but he is not apt to communi-cate much information to them. He is fond of the theater and domestic life, and

it is doubtful if he finds much pleasure

outside of politics. There is a quiver full of young Lamonts, who are no longer chil-dren, and these have kept Mrs. Lamont

from appearing as much in society as some other women. So her husband holds aloof as well. The New York politicians are all eager to be on good terms with him. He understands the political situation thoroughly, and so well is he liked that it would not be surprising if he should be called

not be surprising if he should be called from Washington to lead the democratic party as its gubernatorial candidate next year. The democratic politicians all talk

tendance at the theaters this fall. Indeed,

they are all making money. Great fortunes

are made by New York theater managers

every year. But there is no one who makes

the income that Hoyt has. It was not over a dozen years ago that Hoyt was a reporter on a Poston newspaper. Last year he

any man might envy. Yet I am told that he cares more for politics than he does for the drama, and that he has a consuming

Judge Hilton's Hard Fight.

ry Hilton, who somehow has the misfor-

er than is pleasant to him. He has grown very old within the past half dozen years and it would seem at first glance that the millions of A. T. Stewart had not benefited him in any way. Hilton's life has not

been an enviable one. Since Stewart's death he has had to fight for every inch of the

way. At every turn he has been harassed by legal proceedings, and he is not free, even now, from scurrilous attacks of black-

Mailing men and women.

A singular man in more respects than

than was ever told by a French romancist.

case, and the impression remains that the body is in the crypt in the cathedral at

Garden City, on Long Island, that Stewart himself had built. It was Judge Hilton who first announced

that he would have no Hebrews at his hotel at Saratoga. For this he was severely han-

dled, and it, no doubt, cost him in the dr

goods firm in which he is interested many thousands of dollars. His has been

hortly and then a greater Bookkeeper than

Much has appeared in the press, within

the past few years, dealing with Dr.

Richard Lalor Burtsell, who was counsel

for Dr. McGlynn in his now famous case.

and who won it for him at Rome. Yet lit-

ecclesiastical lawyer in this country, and who for many years held an important cure

in New York city, until the authorities be

came displeased because of his defense of McGlynn, and removed him to an obscure

Dr. Burtsell is an interesting type of priest. He comes of good American stock,

priest. He comes of good American stock, and his family in the past were non-Catholics. They were wealthy New York people. I saw Dr. Burtsell recently and he is a type worth studying. Dr. McGlynn is self-assertive and aggressive. Dr. Burtsell is neither. He is a pale-faced, gray-haired old

A Great Ecclesiastical Lawver

I will square it. So be it.

country parish.

tune to be in the newspapers a little often-

This heavily built man, of gray hair, gray mustache and feeble gait, is ex-Judge Hen-

in addition has argued and won half a dozen cases of considerable consequence. Dr. Burtsell, as has been said, came of a family of wealth and position. He had wealth in his own right when he entered the ministry, but spent it all upon his church and parish poor. Since his removal his old parishioners have made periodical of parismoners have made periodical pilgrimages to see their pastor.

Of the very best type of priest is this man, and one who reflects credit on his cloth everywhere, besides being one of the ablest men, in a quiet way, of his day.

FOSTER COATES. THE ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

The Many Troubles He Has and His Effort to Overcome Them. "While they are inventing new-fangled iseases or new-fangled names for old diseases," remarked the absent-minded man as he hailed a passing car and then stood as he halled a passing car and then stood contemplatively on the curb while it rolled past, "I hope some clever fellow will tell me what mine is. I am not afflicted with tuberculosis. None of the fin-de-siecle protoplasms have lodged in me. I have given a refuge to no patent bacillus. The convolutions of my brain, as far as I know,

are normal. There is nothing hereditary about me except a disposition to loaf. Yet I have a disease and I'd like to know what it is called." it is called."

The absent-minded man sighed as he looked up the street and saw his car bowling along a couple of blocks away. Then he drew a costly cigar from his pocket, handed it to his friend, duplicated it and put the second one between his lips. Borrowing a match he struck its phosphorus head on the sole of his shoe and waited patiently while it blazed into a lively flame. His eyes took on a dreamy expression as

to be surprising if he should be called not be surprising it he should be called not be supported facts, and so the subject of the called not be supported facts, and the collection forms, in a rather expansive shad are spending a month in New York than spending a month in New York then he has lived a number of years abroad and touched elbows with masters and the college of the clever facts. The subject of the clever facts and the college of the clever facts and the college of the clever facts and the college of the clever facts and the clever of the clever facts and the clever of the clever facts and the clever facts and the clever of the clever facts and the clever facts and the clever of the cle

end up by doing what is right. But perhaps it wouldn't work. I'm so contrarily built, anyhow."

The absent-minded man paused to stoop over and pick up a twig that had fallen from a tree by the curb, and plunging his hand into his trousers pocket took out his knife and opened its sharpest blade. A few deft strokes soon shaved the slender bit of wood into a greatful with the slender bit of wood into a greatful with the slender bit of wood into a greatful with the slender bit of wood into a greatful with the slender bit of wood into a greatful with the slender bit of wood into a greatful with the slender bit of wood into a greatful with the slender bit of wood into a greatful with the slender bit of wood into a greatful with the slender bit of wood into a greatful with the slender bit of wood into a greatful with the slender bit of wood into the slender bit of wood into the slender bit of the sle of wood into a graceful wisp, and as the absent-minded man started once again to talk he dropped the knife into the gutter, and bending up the twig tucked it into his pocket. His face was red, as he recovered his knife and transferred the two articles, saving: writes his own plays, rehearses his own company and plays in his own theater. Only one other man in New York may claim to do the same. This is Edward Harrigan. But Harrigan has nothing like saying:

I'm getting used to it by legrees. I have a good deal of real trouble, though, in my work, for many times I have to clip out pieces from newspapers and paste them on sheets. It is ten to one that I will put the paste on It is ten to one that I will put the paste on the wrong side. And then it is more than an even chance that I will drop into the waste basket the very piece that I want, while I stick the remnant to my clean

look at his boots and seeing that they needed blacking, he hailed a dusky polisher from across the street and put his right foot on the block. The boy went to work vigorously, and the absent-minded man kept on talking:

"I suppose that some day something decaying will be proposed to the borning of the borning of

dreadful will happen to me. It is horrible to contemplate, but I don't see how I can avert it. My mind is always occupied with weightier matters than matches and knives and things, and I cannot afford to go about thinking that my right hand is to do about thinking that my right hand is to do so-and-so while my left is to go this-way-and-that. I am a slave to my brain. It rules me completely."

Taking his foot from the box the absent-

minded man started to walk up the street, all unconscious that his ieft shoe was a one is Hilton. It was part of my duty to be present in the surrogate's court in New York when the fight over the will of the dead merchant was on To the surrogate of the property of the prop York when the fight over the will of the dead merchant was on. It was a pretty fight, too. Roscoe Conkling, as handsome as a Greek god, was there, and that silvertongued infidel, Bob Ingersoll, with Lorenty of the sub-saying:

"I really ought than the other, and the brushes. A word brought him mitted to the latter half of the process, "I really ought."

as a Greek god, was there, and that silvertongued infidel, Bob Ingersoll, with Joseph H. Choate, wits against wits, fairly a match for Conkling and Root, the latter most silent, but in some respects the keenest of them all. The current of their wit and hutter and lorde broke over Hilton as waves them all. The current of their wit and number and logic broke over Hilton as waves break on Daunt's Rock. The giants fought for days and weeks. Hilton stuck to his guns. He was never moved nor even lost the perversences which compels me into the wrong road."

The right car again came along, the boy was heart and number and umbrellas; but that is only a minor part of my performance. What bothers me into the wrong road."

The right car again came along, the boy was heart with real and the above the compels and the above the compels and the compels are th guns. He was never moved nor even lost his temper. After a terrific struggle the decision was in his favor and the millions of the greatest merchant prince in New York passed away from his own wife and have no track, but which run at will over the contract of the property of the contract of the contra

tin forever.

Since that day Hilton's life has not been a happy one. It is extremely doubtful if he has kept the Stewart millions intact.

Many of his enterprises have failed absolutely, and he goes about in a quiet way half dollar from his pocket, holding it in hand while he sat and talked about the like a man who is not altogether pleased with the world. Hilton is now quite old, and in the nature of things cannot live much longer. Until he dies the secret about the hiding place of Stewart's body will remain with him. He is the one man who main with him. He is the one man who could clear that awful mystery. If he could clear that awful mystery. If he could clear that awful mystery. If he could clear that awful mystery is the could clear that awful mystery. If he could clear that awful mystery is the could clear that awful mystery. If he could clear that awful mystery is the clear that awful mystery is the could clear that awful mystery is the clear that awful

"Oh, I beg your pardon," exclaimed the absent-minded man. "I really forgot."

Then he smiled blandly, put his hand deep down into his pocket once more and fished up a dime, which he deposited in the box as he said: more I should be cured. I am really much

better already."

From the New York Sun. "In a big up-town restaurant that does a arge trade at popular prices," said a man, "one may see as he goes out a whisk broom held in a wire clasp that is secured about breast high to the inner side of the door frame. The first time I saw that broom it almost made me smile. It seemed curious to see that small, quiet, minor convenience of life there in that big busy place and just of life there in that big busy place and just inside a door opening upon bustling Broadway. I saw one day a regular customer, who had just paid his check at the cashier's desk, pull the broom from its clasp as he walked out and whisk a fleck of dust from the lapel of his coat, and then put the broom back into its clasp again. That served as a sort of introduction to the broom, and when I went out after I had finished my dinner I brushed a speck of dust from my own coat with it. The more intimate acquaintance with the broom has produced a friendly feeling for it, and I feel also that by the use of it I have been in a measure inducted into the fellowship

of the restaurant."



HERE IS A PECULamong certain folks that a newspaper lives but a day; that it flourishes like a green bay tree for twentyfour hours, or less, and then is relegated to the odium of waste baskets and bundle wrappings. But that is a libel on the product of the press. While individual spec-

imens of the great family of journals may wander off into strange fields and reflect no credit upon their ancestry, the paper itself lives on to good old age, beyond the limits of human existence, in fact.

volutions of my brain, as far as I know, represent one of the great props of the na-tion, and therefore of its chief forum. Here are the newspaper files of Congress; thousands upon thousands of proofs that newspapers are not ephemeral. They extend away back, not only into the dusk of the catacombs that honeycomb the cellar of the building, but into the dim beginnings of the republic, when newsletters were giving way to newspapers, when mouth-to-mouth gossin to newspapers, when mouth-to-mouth gossip was being discounted by printed facts, and when the printer was growing to be a pow-er in the land.

years ago these files, which had been keeping and stored away under the crypt. Over eleven hundred volumes were transferred.

Just to the north of the curious circular Just to the north of the rotunda floor a small the property of the property of the property of the printing office and make a point of getting the papers back here on time. They have to, for occasionally a Senator wants a paper and he wants it right off, as a rule. I have to tell him that it is at the bindery, and then there is trouble down on North Capitol street. So that keeps they have to, for occasionally a Senator wants a paper and he wants it right off, as a rule. I have to tell him that it is at the bindery, and then there is trouble down on North Capitol street. So that keeps they wants a paper and the wants it right off, as a rule. I have to tell him that it is at the bindery, and then there is trouble down on North Capitol street. So that keeps they wants a paper and he wants it right off, as a rule. I have to tell him that it is at the bindery, and then there is trouble down on North Capitol street. So that keeps the year 1867, but had never trodden nearer to it than the B. and O. railroad across the river.

a quaint echo that tells of dusty depths beyond. In a moment there is a rustling of papers and the door is opened. A man past the meridian of life, rather portly, with strong gray mustache and imperial, and keen eyes covered by spectacles, appears. He is in working garb. An apron of tough the is in working garb. An apron of tough material covers him from soiling and his cuffs are turned back. A word is passed and the custodian of the files, Mr. Van Ness, Mr. Van Ness' Den.

A flickering gas jet affords the only illumination. There is confusion, confusion, confusion everywhere near the door. Beyond this gives place instantly to order and system. But the confusion itself is orderly, for the trained fingers of the can pick their way to any desired paper or object at a moment's notice. A large table is covered with pamphlets and papers. A great clothes basket stands on top filled to overflowing with the latest issues of the press. A copy of The Star peeps over the rim.

The pressure of the pressur for the trained fingers of the custodian

Van Ness, as he lays his hand affectionate-ly upon the mass of reading matter. "It is a rather poor morning, too. Sometimes there are two baskets. I take these papers as soon as I can each day and sort them out. You may see these shelves and big pigeon holes behind you. Well, each one is for a certain paper. Some of the boxes, you notice, are filled. The files in those are you notice, are filled. The files in those are the day when we are to move all these vol-nearly ready to be sent to the government bindery to be put between covers. Some of into the new building. I don't know what

"Then every two months," he went on fumbling through a drawer in the table, "they send me their current files from the Senate which I have to collate very carefully. I take them from their temporary binders and go through them particularly to see what numbers are missing. Then I write to the publication offices of the pawhite to the publication offices of the papers and try to supply the deficiencies. When the volumes are as complete as I can make them they go to the binder."

A splendid black and white cat just then awoke from her nap among the strewn papers under the table and stretched her-

"Is that your assistant?" was asked. His One Assistant. "Yes, pussie is all the help I have. She does good work in keeping the rats and mice down. They would be pretty bad lose some valuable old volumes on account of their meddlesome teeth. She, somehow or other, got lost about a month ago and was shut up in one of the rooms down stairs here for nearly a week. She was as poor as a rall when I found her, but she is beginning to pick up a little now," and the "You can see from this list the numbe of papers we get here," as he handed out a carefully kept book that contained the names of upwards of a hundred of the best journals published in the country. It showed the date of subscription and the date of sending the volumes to the takes thirty-one papers now in addition to these. It keeps me pretty busy attending to them all. Let us walk through the vaults and you can see what a quantity of ma-terial we have here." Mr. Van Ness carefully locked the door and led the way from the region of chaos to that of order. The yellow backs loomed up on either hand, leaving only narrow aisles between the shelves. The rows went

off in dim vistas of journalism. The cus-todian pointed here and there to the pets of his collection. of his collection.

"There is a complete file of the Savannah Republican," he said, pointing to a lot of long thin books on a top shelf, their backs tattered a little. "That paper contains a vast amount of stuff about the south in he days when the war spirit was growing. And here is the Baltimore Sun, beginning with that little fellow that looks like an with that little fellow that looks like an account book. It has grown some since then, for that was early in the century. Here is an interesting file. It is the Philadelphia Packet, which was begun in 1771, and was afterwards called the North American. That file is complete. Then here are some old Tennessee papers from

away back.
"You see, I keep these right here at my hand, where I can watch them closely. But my most precious volumes, the complete file of the Intelligencer, I keep downstairs, clear out of sight. Few folks know where the case is. These vaults up here, pointing down two or three narrow, passages that ramifled from the center aisle, He led the way off to the left into a curious room which, with shelves filled to overflowing, was about twenty feet high and two broad by twenty long. It was a

The Catacombs of the Capitol. Then the custodian and his visitor went down a flight of steep stairs into the catacombs of the Capitol. A peculiar odor was in the air, a dry, choking smell of leather. Here and there gas jets gave a feeble gleam, sometimes flickering from around unnecessary no telling (phew!) when the man sitting corners in the shelving and showing faint Burtsell has next to you may light a cigarette. corners in the shelving and showing faint spots of light in the distance. But there

were no long vistas, for the vaults are curved, following the general outline of the dome. The gropers were then under the main portice of the building.

"If you should follow that passage," said Mr. Van Ness, "you would find yourself, if you ever could be located, somewhere near the place where you take the steps outside to go down to Pennsylvania avenue. I seldom go around there, for the air is not as good as it might be. But I know the way perfectly, and can put my hand on any volume in this vault."

The books were arranged in alphabetical

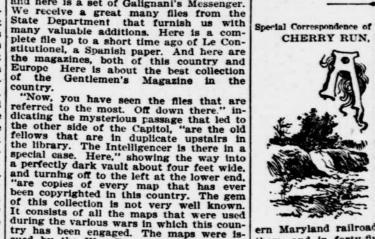
The books were arranged in alphabetical THE MCCOMAS FAMILY'S BUCK LODGE.

order of states, beginning with the earliest newspaper of Alabama, published in 1819.

A few steps took the two around in a circle, which completed the list of states and brought forth the names of the European

Great Enjoyment.

OLD FORT FREDERICK.



Special Correspondence of The Evenian Star.

CHERRY RUN, Md., October 6, 1982.

FEW DAYS PAST 1.

FEW try has been engaged. The maps were issued by the War Department and turned back after they were needed no longer, and back after they were needed no longer, and then turned over to us for preservation. There are some curious relics down there." added the custodian, tantalizingly, as he turned back out of the dark.
"Are you troubled much with dampness?" "There is only one spot that I have to watch," was the answer, "and that is down there where the vault wall is on the outside and projects beyond the walls of the portico foundation. I have to take the volumes down once in awhile and shift them around and let the air in. Other than that their horse and go up and down the locks there is no danger of mold. Occasionally where the bass are running the best or the a bug gets in and begins to gnaw the backs of the books, but I soon find him. Altogether I have had very good fortune with the volumes and they are in excellent shape."

"Are the files wood often all."

Where the bass are running the best of the deer and wild turkeys are most reported. Woodmont club house of Washington folks is twenty or thirty miles farther on.

The camp house is a whitewasned structure of up and down boards stripped and unplastered, situated above the edge of a cover from the pool and fronted with a part of the bass are running the best of the bass are running to the bass are running

"Are the files used often?"

"Oh, yes! Yesterday there were two members of Congress down here looking at some old papers; there they are now. I haven't put them back yet, for the members said they might need them later in the week. This morning a member from Rhode Island wanted to look at a paper of a certain date four years ago to see about a vote in his state. He had it in five minding the state of the front with a wind and the state of the vote in his state. He had it in five minutes."

Mr. Van Ness led the way up into the fresher air of the higher vault and spoke about the vandalism of people who cut the files.

"I'd like to catch them at it," he said, angrily. "I shouldn't stop to ask what the law is on the subject, but I'd deal with them very summarily. Once in a while some one clips a bit down here, but as a rule most of the cutting is done upstairs. I have only lost one paper that was sent to me to keep, and that was a local paper that contained the account of the hanging of Guiteau. It was sent to the bindery along with other numbers of that volume and some fellow down there abstracted it for a relic, doubtless. I have tried my best to replace it, but without success.

"They are very prompt with my work at the printing office and make a point of getting the papers back here on time. They have to, for occasionally a Senator.

The old fort of gray and brown stones, masoned in lime, looker irrelevant and unemployed, like Noah's ark, as it lay across the background of three cornered nuity hills, its river gate a yawning and unlinteled opening, and one rude embrasure linteled opening, and one rude embrasure half way down the side walls, where a canhalf way down the side walls, where a canhalf way opened on rebels tearing up

The total white population of Maryland ure.

The total white population of Maryland ure. railway tracks a mile away.

"Come on!" said the paternal McComas, leading his two lawyer sons, Judge Lewis and Nimrod Fred.

We went through the rows of corn like the apostolic Sabbath breakers. As we the apostolic Sabbath breakers. As we the father of this fine family told many the father of the father of this fine family told many the father of th school anywhere around there. As this was in November, 1833, the parental Mc-Comas saw through an atmosphere of sixty years, or half way back on the annals of old Fort Frederick.

The McComases are Scotch Irish and one of that name shot Gen. Ross as he marched on Baltimore and was in turn killed in 1814.

The McComases are Scotch Irish and one of that name shot Gen. Ross as he marched in Saltimore and was in turn killed in 1814. Lawyer Fred, when put upon his ethnology, said he was a descendant from Comus, who were a mask when he went gunning, the best of the conjunction of men prest by his majesty, said he was a descendant from Comus, who were a mask when he went gunning, the best of the original Norman Latin of "count" or "count or "count" or "co

harlots and oft flogged militia. It was put in the narrow alley of Maryland so as to receive straggling and flying settlers, sutlers and peitrymen and was a job which cost several thousand pounds, of the redoubtable governor of the Calverts, Horatio Sharpe, who also gave name to the battle of Sharpshurg or Antietem and expectations. of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, and expected to make Sharpsburg a county seat. Sharpe was governor from 1753 to 1768, and ommanded at Cumberland between Washcommanded at Cumperiand between Wash-ington's and Braddock's terms.

As much row was made in the province over the cost of this fort as the good farm-ers now make when they pay their tolls, to evade mud and tophet, to the toll keeper and the preacher.

I looked through the embrasure Gen.
Kenly opened in 1861 and thought how the

wall, near four feet thick, had reverberated to the voice of Washington when he drilled its company of troops at the age of twenty-four, or long ere he met the Widow Cus-

was a Jerseyman, who lived in lower Del-aware and claimed to outrank Washington Dagworthy exhumed on a shovel at Dags-borough church about the year 1875, all of him that was found in his grave; and it re-minded me of Artemus Ward's description of another genius. "who had but one tooth and yet this gifted man played on the bass

A colored man, who had bought his own freedom, purchased this old Frederick fort three years before the civil war. The leg-islature first disposed of the property in 1790, whose only important use was to keep

fifteen years old and Franklin fifty.

I suppose Franklin came here when he furnished Braddock wagons at fifteen shillings a day and security, "no driver to be required to fight." To this day the Dutch farmers along the border look to money as their God, their country and their selfrespect. It was so in the civil war and will

The era of the Georges was the lowest point of interest in English story. Those dreadfully common German princes disensobled their age and race. Lowest of them all was George II, an extraordinary likeness of the boorish peasants planted in his time west of the Susquehanna. The Georgian proprietors of Maryland and Pennsylvania were equally common, and Franklin said of them, when this fort was eight years old: "Pennsylvania and Maryland are the only two of the kind remaining, proprietary states, and both agitated by the same contentions between proprietary interest and power and popular liberty."

She—'That's not a sunset. It's sunrise on Broadway."

She—'How can you tell?"

She—'How can you tell?"

She—'How can you tell?"

She—'By the three men in evening dress in the foreground."

Her Fears Aroused.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Flyabout—Weren't you awfully afraid that Sunday night you had that little card party and it thundered and lightened by the same contentions between proprietary interest and power and popular liberty."

As the evening light played around old he girls it wasn't good form and that somebody would be sure to hear of it.

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Mrs. Gofrequent—Indeed, I was. I told the girls it wasn't good form and that somebody would be sure to hear of it.

Wrs. Gofrequent—Indeed, I was. I told the girls it wasn't good form and that somebody would be sure to hear of it.

"Yes, everything is stolen, and you must hurry to the police."

"Are the souvenir spoons gone?" asked by the same body would be sure to hear of it.

Fort Frederick and the moon in the day heavens appeared before her time I felt a reminder from her fleecy deshabille that the boy, William Herschel, the astronomer, was going to England from Hanover the year this fort was built, and instead of turning his flute into a telescope to discover the Georgium Sidus, or Uranus, he might have fifed and tromboned here among the wild rustics who soften no more than the stones of the ragged region to the pipe of Orpheus.

MENDING A PAVEMENT.

Mrs. Snoozleby Tomkyns Has Hers Pixed With Artificial Stone.

"Don't say a word about the sidewalk, my dear," said Mrs. Snoozleby Tomkyns to her most intimate friend one morning this week.

"I have suffered more on account of that pavement than you can well imagine. Last winter three of the flags were so badly

Orpheus.

Hardly was this fort completed when Handel, the blind giant who taught England music, passed from his orchestra into that music of the spheres Isaac Newton had so well solved. These, the authors of sense and civilization, left the lesson potent yet, that when politicians grow dirty and cafinot wash themselves clean there and cafinot wash themselves clean there remains recreations away from the earth and harmonies that family and party violence die unconscious of.
Social Influence of the Canal.

city and the extension of its railroad along the Potomac, coincident with the Potomac

Take Hagerstown, the new center of western Maryland, since Frederick city received the side tracking of a century!

No train waits in Hagerstown for the passengers by any other line. The red lights of the receding last car as it goes out of town affect the poor man or child by another road who would catch it like the shipwrecked one who sees a great steamer show to him her stern. Was there a Christ who lived indeed and had no greater influence than this?

It is the business of all right government

Fort Frederick. McMahon, in his abortive history of Ma-

from Virginia more width between the two
Potomacs, says of the period about 1760:
"The number of convicts imported into
Maryland during this era must have
amounted, upon the lowest estimate to

slow degrees, except negroes and convicts."
George Calvert, King James' secretary, was the commencer of this system of transportation, as appears from Mr. Neill's history of the Virginia company—Mr. Neill, the only efficient historian Maryland has had, who was one of Abraham Lincoln's

secretaries.
"Secretary Calvert, touching the trans-

"Madam," he said, "I trust you will find it in your heart to assist a young way-The woman was silent. "Madam--

"Madam—"
His voice was tremulous and low.
"—I was once the happy head of a fam ily. I—"
The woman's face softened.
"—had a beautiful wife. Ah,

best of wives. But the dream was rudely dispelled when...." The woman leaned forward and held her breath. "-her father lost everything in a wheat

The woman gulped down a sob, the house and slammed the door. In the World's Fair Art Rooms

From Life. She-"Oh, what a glorious sky! Did you

"Snoozleby went down to the shop to protest. The boss told him that he was extremely busy, and that two of his men were off on sprees which could not be expected Nothing happened in Maryland after the to terminate at any particular time. They Georgian age except the rise of Baltimore might be at work again the next day, or the next week, or the next month-he could

It is the business of all right government to expedite the traveler on his way. It is the voice from Jericho and the good Samaritan calling to us. Why can we not make these corporations behave like agencies of a great nation?

Because we were provinces once and are provincial yet.

To blow up the flame of local spite and selfishness and give away great privileges which the people are too mean to keen is the state of pavement, and instructed me with great politeness that the artificial stone must the end of two days it would be like so much rock, but that I must not permit it to be walked upon in the meanwhile. Then he went away. I toid Snoozleby about it when he got home, and he looked at the new piece of sidewalk somewhat dubiously. Of course, men always think that women know nothing of how to manage such things.

To blow up the flame of local spite and selfishness and give away great privileges which the people are too mean to keep is the method and secret of state politics. A national man we cannot have, as when Hamilton took the repudiating states and funded their larcenies and went their security as a nation.

Every local interest, even train robbing, can have its agent in Congresa, but there is none for the whole.

Original Settlers.

These ideas strike one forcibly at the These ideas strike one forcibly at the mountain foothills so near the capital of the country and where the social movement is hardly noticeable since the age of old Fort Frederick.

it open and read a message to this effect:

"Imperative that you should be in Eli at 9 o'clock tonight." The man read the message through twice and then looked at his watch. It was 3:00 o'clock. He jumped up, rushed over to the cashier's desk, paid his check and hustled

felon classes which sprang from the ship to the mountains, and recked not the want of plow or hoe if they could whet a dirk or steal a blunderbuss.

Here, as I stood by old Fort Frederick in the evening light, haunted by the darksome classes of the Georgian years, I heard a bugle played across the moon rays by a bargeman again and again, with intervals as sweet.

They seemed to say: "What is man but his public works? What is here but the old, the organic state canal? Blow! institutions! blow!"

GATH.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

The Woman Was Not Unfeeling, but She Didn't Have Any Sentiment.

From the Detroit Tribune.

Several distinct varieties of soil clung to his garments and eloquentiy proclaimed that he had lately walked through not less than three counties. The woman whom he met and accosted at the threshold of the lowly cottage had red raspberry stains on her apron.

"Madam," he said, "I trust you will find

and saw that it was 4:01.30. Then ensued a mad race. He reached the station and ran into the ticket office, noticing by the clock on the wall that it was 4:04 o'clock. "Gimme a ticket for Elmira!" he gasped, throwing a \$5 bill through the window. The ticket seller was provokingly slow, and when the man got his ticket it was just 4:05 o'clock, time for the train to start.

The man made two bounds and was out in the train shed. He saw his train standing over to the left and he ran over to it like a hundred-yard sprinter. He reached it in time, climbed on, dropped into a seat and tried to get his breath. The train didn't start.

didn't start.
"What's the matter?" asked the man of the passenger who sat in the next seat

"Yes," was the reply.
"Time for it to go, ain't it?" but we've got to walt forty-five minutes for a connecting train fro

And the man thought of his hustle and